

The Three Chums

A Tale Of London Everyday Life

Anonymous

— 1860 —

CHAPTER I

The Young Man from the Country

Charles Warner, the son of a wealthy squire who owned a large estate in the Midlands, had just arrived in town, and taken up his apartments in Gower Street, for the purpose of becoming a medical student, as of course being only a younger son, and the freehold property all entailed, his jolly parent could think of nothing better in which his sharpest boy, as he called Charlie, would be so likely to make his way in the world.

“Be a good lad, Charlie; stick to your profession, and I’ll set you up with ten thousand when you marry a girl with some tin; that’s the only thing a younger son can do. Should I die before that it’s left you in my will. Your allowance is £300 a year, to be £500 when you come of age; but mind, if you disgrace me or get into debt, I will turn you adrift without a penny, or pay your passage to Australia to get rid of you. My boy,” he finally added, a tear in his eye and a slight quiver of the lip, as he said tremulously, “you have always been a favourite; your old dad reckons on you to keep away from the girls and bad companions.”

He was thinking over these last parting words of his father as he sat by the fireside after tea awaiting the call of his two cousins, Harry and Frank Mortimer, who had written to say they would call to take him out, and see how he liked the rooms they had found for him.

He presently rang the bell to have the table cleared, and a remarkably pretty maid servant answered his summons.

“And what is your name? As I am going to live in the house and should like to know how to call you. I’m so glad Mrs. Letsam has a pretty girl to attend on the lodgers.”

“Fanny, Sir,” replied the girl, blushing up to her eyes. “I have to wait on all the gentlemen, and a hard time I have of it running up and down stairs all day long.”

“Well,” said Charlie, “I shan’t ring for you more than I can help, although it is not at all strange if some of them trouble you so often, if only for the pleasure of seeing a pretty face. I suppose it isn’t proper here in London to kiss the servants, although I often did at home; the girls were older than me, and had been used to it for a long time.”

“Lor’, no Sir, you mustn’t, indeed you mustn’t, if Mrs. Letsam knew it she would turn me out of the house in a moment,” exclaimed Fanny, in a subdued tone, as if afraid of being heard, as she turned her face away from his unexpected salute.

“You mean to say you mind a kiss from a boy like me? What harm is there?”

“I-I don’t know; I can’t say,” stammered Fanny. “But it’s so different from those old fellows downstairs, who always give me half a crown after, not to tell.” Here she blushed tremendously. “I-I didn’t mean, Sir, that I want to be paid, but that you are so different than them; they’re old and ugly, and you –”

She could not say any more, for Charlie pressed his lips to her rosy mouth, saying, “Well then, give me a kiss for forgiveness. If you only keep good friends, and look after my small wants, I shall buy you ribbons and little things of that sort, so that you can think of me when you wear them.”

His only answer was a very curious look as she returned his kiss; then slipping away took up her tray and was gone.

“I’m in luck,” soliloquised Charlie. “Dad may lecture me to keep away from the girls. Polly and Sukey at home didn’t kiss me for nothing; the sight of this pretty Fanny and the thoughts of last night when they had me between them for the last time, makes me feel quite so-so. In fact that girl has given me the Irish toothache; it was all very well for dear old dad to caution me, but they say like breeds like, and I know he got a girl with twins before he was eighteen, and had to be sent away from home to get out of the scrape.”

Here there was a tap at the door of his room.

"Come in, my boys; I know who it must be," shouted Charlie, expecting his cousins, but to his surprise Fanny re-entered.

"If you please, Sir, there's two young gentlemen for Mr. Warner, they have sent up their card."

"Where is it, Fanny?" asked Charlie, holding out his hand for the bit of pasteboard.

"Well, I am pleased, they've come early," he said, catching her by the wrist, "and especially as it gives me the chance of another kiss!"

"For shame, Sir; you'll keep them waiting in the hall," as she struggled to get away from his encircling arm.

"Just a moment, Fanny, I want to say to you they are my cousins, who will often come here, and are much better looking than me, so don't you make me jealous by taking any notice of either of them. Now, ask them up, quick, please; then run for a bottle of fizz, and keep the change for yourself," he said, handing her a sovereign. "We must wet the apartments the first time they call."

It is not necessary to refer to all the greetings and enquiries of the cousins when they first met; but presently, when the champagne was opened, Harry and Frank asked if Charlie was too tired to go out for the evening, saying, "You need not come back here to sleep, but turn in with us, as you know the governor will be so pleased to see you at breakfast in the morning. We know three jolly sisters – little milliners – who work in Oxford Street, such spooney girls, and as three to two is sometimes awkward you will just make the party complete; they live in Store Street, close by, and if we call about nine o'clock they will be expecting us, and glad to see you; it is awfully jolly, and not too expensive, we only have to stand supper. The girls think too much of themselves to take money, although nothing else comes amiss from jewellery to dresses. Nothing coarse, no bad language, and they only permit liberties when the gas is turned out."

"I'm with you," replied their cousin; "and what do you think of the little servant here?"

"Charlie, you ought to be in luck there," answered Harry, "it's so convenient to have a nice little servant to sleep with sometimes, or now and then to let off the steam with her on the sofa, it keeps you from going out too much. My advice, Charlie, is not to live too fast, save your money for a good spree – say every ten days or so. Your racketty ones don't get on half so well with their governors, who are always grumbling. Now our dad thinks us quite good, never out after half-past eleven or so; but we make up for it with the servants at home, and keep the housekeeper square, by taking turns to poke her on the sly. She once caught us both in the girls' bedroom, but we went into hers to beg her not to tell, and what with kissing and telling her what a fine figure she was (she was half undressed when she came to see after the servants) that we took first one little liberty then another, till seeing she was on the job I ran out and left Frank to roll her on the bed, which he must have done to some purpose, for she kept him all night."

"Ah, Charlie, I never thought a woman of fifty could be so good at the game; how she threw her legs over my buttocks, and heaved up to meet every push of John Thomas; she was a perfect sea of lubricity, and drained me dry enough before morning," added Frank, in corroboration of his brother's assertion. "You must try her for yourself, a fair lad will be a treat to her after us two dark fellows, and there's no fear of having to pay for kids with her, as she is past the time of life, but I believe all really warm-constitutioned women get hotter the older they are. We use French letters for safety with the slaveys, or we should soon do their business, they want so much of it when we get in their room, or they slip into ours for a drop of brandy and a 'bit of that,' as they call it; there's nothing like good brandy to put you up to the work, but never drink gin, my boy, or your affair won't stand for some hours, it has such a lowering effect."

A couple of hours of similar conversation soon slipped away, and then going round to Store Street Charlie was introduced to the sirens his cousins had spoken of.

CHAPTER II

Three Pretty Milliners

“My cousin, Charlie Warner, just from the country to become a medical student. Miss Bessie, Annie, and Rosa Robinson, three as pretty and lovely little milliners as you ever saw or will see again,” said Harry, making the introduction as they entered.

The brothers kissed all three girls, and as it seemed the correct thing Charlie was not slow to follow their example, beginning with Rosa, the youngest, a fair, golden-haired, little beauty of seventeen; then Annie, with her light brown hair and hazel eyes, and finishing with Miss Bessie, a twenty year-old darling, with dark auburn hair, and such a pair of glancing eyes as would almost ravish the soul of any softhearted youth who had not a stronger mind than our young hero, who looked on all girls as playthings rather than as being worthy of serious love.

“What a pretty supper the confectioners have sent in for you – fowls, tongue, and champagne – it made us rather expect something unusual, and we are so pleased to see Mr. Warner; besides you know there is no jealousy here, and his fair face is a delightful contrast to you two rather dark gentlemen,” said Annie, adding, “and you, Frank, are my partner for the evening, as Harry was my cavalier last time; and I’m so glad there’s Mr. Warner for Rosa, although Bessie and I shall feel rather jealous about it, we can wait for our turns another day.”

“This is the jolliest place I know of,” said Harry, handing Bessie to her seat at the table; “everything ready to hand, and nothing cleared away till we are gone; no flunkeys or parlourmaids to wait on us or listen to every word, and we can do as we like.”

“Not exactly, Sir,” put in Annie, “even when the light is out you must behave yourselves.”

“We have a little longer this evening for our dark seance,” said Frank; “we are taking Charlie to the theatre, and to Scott’s for supper, so they don’t expect us till half past twelve or so, and the housekeeper will sit up for her reward, won’t she, Harry?”

“What’s that,” pouted Rosa, giving a sly look; “oh, those two boys are dreadful, just as if they would want any more of ‘that’ when they got home.”

“Oh, she never tells tales, so we kiss her,” answered Frank.

“Tell that to your grandmother. As if you could kiss without taking other liberties, Sir,” said Annie.

This kind of badinage lasted all supper time, but Charlie pledged the sisters one after the other so as not to show any marked preference, still at the same time in a quiet sort of way he tried all he could to make himself particularly agreeable to Rosa, who evidently was rather taken with him.

“It’s so nice to have you to myself,” she said archly, as the supper had come to an end, “but mind you are not too naughty when they turn out the gas.”

Something in her deep blue eyes and look so fired his feelings that taking her unresisting hand under the table he placed it on his thigh, just over the most sensitive member of the male organisation, and was at once rewarded by the gentle pressures of her fingers, which assured him she quite understood the delicate attention. The others were too absorbed in some similar manipulation to notice Charlie and Rosa, as he adroitly unfastened about three buttons of his trousers, and directing her hand to the place, and presently felt she had quite grasped the naked truth, which fluttered under the delicious fingering in such a way that very few motions of her delicate hand brought on such an ecstatic flood of bliss as quite to astonish Miss Rosa, and necessitate the sly application of a mouchoir to her slimy fingers, as at the same time she crimsoned to the roots of her hair, and looked quite confused, whilst he could feel that a perceptible tremor shot through her whole frame. Fortunately just at that moment Bessie turned off the gas, and instinctively the lips of Charlie and Rosa met in a long impassioned kiss. Tongue to tongue they revelled in a blissful osculation.

He could hear a slight shuffling, and one or two deepdrawn sighs, as if the ladies felt rather agitated.

There was a convenient sofa in a recess just behind Charlie's chair, and Rosa seemed to understand him so well that he effected a strategic movement to the more commodious seat under cover of the darkness. There he had the delightful girl close to his side, with his right arm round her waist, whilst his left hand found no resistance in its voyage of discovery under her clothes. What mossy treasures his fingers searched out, whilst for her part one arm was round his neck, and the warm touches of her right hand amply repaid his Cytherian investigations in the regions of bliss. His fiery kisses roved from her lips all over her face and neck, till by a little manoeuvring he managed to take possession of the heaving globes of her bosom. How she shuddered with ecstasy as his lips drew in one of her nipples, and gently sucked the delicious morsel; a very few moments of this exciting dalliance was too much for her. She sank back on the couch, so that he naturally took his proper position, and in almost less time than it takes to write it, the last act of love was an accomplished fact.

Then followed delicious kissings and toyings; no part of her person was neglected, and when, as a finale, she surrendered the moist, dewy lips of the grotto of love itself to his warm tonguings, the excess of voluptuous emotion so overcame her that she almost screamed with delight, when the crisis came again and again in that rapid succession only possible with girls of her age.

They had been too well occupied to hear or notice anything about Bessie and Annie with their partners, but now an almost perfect silence prevailed in the apartment, till presently Harry spoke out, saying, "I think the spirits have had long enough to amuse themselves; what do you say to a light?"

This was agreed to, and they spent another half hour with the ladies before taking leave of them for the night. It was as curious a feast of love as Charlie could possibly have imagined, and he was quite puzzled to make out what manner of girls these three sisters could be who bashfully objected to a light on their actions, and yet were as free with their partners as any of the mercenary members of the demimonde could have been.

"What a darling you are!" whispered Rosa to Charlie as he took a parting kiss, "but I shan't have you next time unless there is an undress romp in the dark."

Bessie pressed them to come to an early tea on Sunday, and have a long evening, when they would arrange some pretty game to amuse them. This was agreed to with many sweet kisses.

CHAPTER III

Mrs. Lovejoy and the Servants in Bloomsbury Square

It was nearly one a.m. when the boys got home to the Mortimer mansion in Bloomsbury Square.

“How late you are,” said Mrs. Lovejoy, the housekeeper, opening the door to them, “and you have brought Master Charlie with you. I’m so glad to see him; your father has gone to bed hours ago, and I thought you would like a second course after your oyster supper at Scott’s, so there’s a little spread in my own room upstairs, only we mustn’t keep it up too late.”

“You’re a brick,” said Harry, “we’ll go upstairs so quietly past dad’s door, and kiss you when we see what you have got for us.”

Mr. Mortimer pere being a rather stout gentleman, who objected to many stairs, had his bedroom on the first floor;

Harry and Frank’s room was on the next flight, where their sisters also had their rooms when at home from school; the two servants and Mrs. Lovejoy located above them.

“There’s my kiss,” said Frank, as on entering Mrs. Lovejoy’s cosy room he saw a game pie and bottle of Burgundy set out for their refreshment.

Harry and Charlie also in turn embraced the amorous housekeeper, who fairly shivered with emotion as she met the luscious kiss of the latter.

“He’s only going to stay this one night, so it’s no good taking a fancy to my cousin; besides, can’t you be content with Frank and myself?” whispered Harry to her.

“But you are such unfaithful boys, and prefer Mary Anne or Maria to me at any time,” she replied, pettishly.

“Yes, and Charlie is no better; he hasn’t been in London one whole day yet without making up to the pretty Fanny at his lodgings; oh, she’s a regular little fizzer, Mrs. Lovejoy.”

The second supper was soon discussed, and Mrs. Lovejoy had placed hot water and spirits on the table just for them to take a night-cap as she called it, when there was a gentle tap at the room door, and a suppressed titter outside.

Harry, guessing who it was, called out “come in,” when the two servant girls with broad grins on their faces walked into the room, only half dressed in petticoats, stockings, and slippers, with necks and bosoms bare.

On perceiving Charlie they blushed scarlet, but Mary Anne, a regular bouncing brunette, immediately recovered her presence of mind, and said, “We beg your pardon, Mrs. Lovejoy, but we thought only Master Harry and his brother were here, and felt so thirsty we couldn’t sleep, so ventured to beg a little something to cool our throats.”

“Well make a party of it now,” said Frank; “this is only our cousin Charlie, so don’t be bashful but come in and shut the door.”

“Gentlemen don’t generally admit ladies, especially when only half dressed, as we are,” said Maria, a very pretty and finely developed young woman, with light brown hair, rosy cheeks, and such a pair of deep blue eyes, full of mischief, as they looked one through.

“No, but ladies admit gentlemen,” put in Charlie; “don’t mind me,” getting up from his chair and drawing the last speaker onto his lap. “I guess we’re in for some fun now.”

The housekeeper looked awfully annoyed at this intrusion, but Harry laughingly kissed her, and whispered something which seemed to have a soothing effect, as she at once offered the two girls some lemonade and brandy. Hers was a very comfortable apartment, being furnished the same as a bachelor’s bed and sitting room combined; the bed was in a recess, and there were two easy chairs besides a sofa, table, &c, in the room.

Harry secured the sofa, where he sat with Mrs. Lovejoy on his lap, and one of his hands inside the bosom of her dressing gown, whilst her hands, at least one of them, were God knows where, and very evidently gave him

considerable pleasure, to judge by the sparkle of his eyes, and the way he caressed her, as well as the frequent kisses they interchanged.

Charlie was admiring and playing with the bosom of Maria, who kissed him warmly every now and then, giving the most unequivocal signs of her rising desires for closer acquaintance.

"We shall never be fit to get up in the morning if you keep us out of bed; let the girls go now," said Mrs. Lovejoy.

Each said "good night," and Harry, having something to say to the housekeeper, stayed behind. Frank and Mary Anne quickly vanished in the gloom of the outside corridor, and Charlie, at a loss where he was to sleep, asked Maria to show him to his room.

"You'll sleep with me, dear, if you can, and I won't keep you awake," she whispered, giving him a most luscious kiss; then taking his hand she led him into a very clean but plainly furnished bedroom.

"Mary Anne won't be back tonight, so you shall be my bedfellow. I guess by this time Master Frank is being let into all her secrets," saying which she extinguished the candle, which had been left burning, and jumped into bed, Charlie following as quickly as he could get his things off.

"I've got a syringe, so I'm not afraid, although Harry and Frank will always put on those French letters. Do you think they're nice?" asked Maria, as she threw her arms around him, and drew him close to her palpitating bosom.

"Never used such a thing in my life," replied Charlie, "for my part anything of that sort spoils all the fun."

"Do you know," continued Maria, "Mary Anne and I lay thinking, talking, and cuddling one another, in fact we were so excited she proposed a game of what girls call flat cunt, when we heard Mrs. Lovejoy take you to her room, and we made up our minds she should not have both Harry and Frank to herself, never thinking there was anyone else; and to think I have got such a darling as you!"

The girl fairly quivered with emotion as she lay on her side kissing and cuddling close to his body, but his previous encounters during the preceding twenty-four hours rendered him rather less impulsive, in fact he liked to enjoy the situation, which was such as none but those who have lain by the side of a loving expectant young wanton can thoroughly appreciate. Her hands roved everywhere, and she conducted one of his to that most sacred spot of all, which he found glowing like a furnace, and so sensitive to his touch, that she sighed, "Oh! Oh!" and almost jumped when she felt his tickling fingers, as they revelled in the luxuriant growth of silky hair, which almost barred the approach to the entrance of her bower of love. Charlie never had such a sleepless night in his life, for impatient of his long-delay in making a commencement, she threw a leg over his hip as a challenge, and, having his wand in her hand as fit as busy fingers could make it, she directed Mr. Warner so straight that he found not the least difficulty in exploring the very inmost recesses of her humid furbelow, which to judge from its overflowing state was a veritable fountain of butterine. How he rode the lively steed, till, exhausted by the rapidity of the pace, he fell off, only to find Maria had reversed positions, and there was no rest for him till seven o'clock in the morning, and at breakfast his looks only too plainly told the tale of the night's orgie, as Mr. Mortimer railled at all three young fellows of having had a rakish time of it, remarking that he hoped they would be more moderate in future, but it might be excusable for a first night in town.

CHAPTER IV

Charlie at Home, Landlady and Servant

Our hero was glad to stay in his own rooms and rest the next evening, and felt rather too used up to indulge in much more than a mild joke and a kiss with the pretty Fanny, who had a rather pouting expression on her face as she bid him good night after what she considered to be a decidedly languid kind of kiss.

“He isn’t so fresh as when he arrived, but perhaps he will be more lively at breakfast time,” she mused, going downstairs to the lower regions of the house. “I hope Mrs. Letsam won’t get at him, that’s all!”

Charlie was so done up that he went to bed by ten o’clock, and slept so soundly that he awoke quite early, feeling as frisky as a lark, and with the peculiar elevation of spirits which most healthy young fellows are subject to when they first open their eyes in the morning.

“J. T. is quite himself again,” exclaimed Charlie, as he threw off the bed-clothes to survey the grand proportions of that part of his anatomy sacred to the service of the fair sex. Then looking at his watch by the aid of the lamp which he had left burning, “By Jove, how early; only half-past four. I’ll look outside in the corridor in search of adventure, there is just a chance I might find Fanny’s room, as this is the top story; she can’t go higher up, and isn’t likely to be lower down.”

Quick as the idea flashed across his mind he stepped out of bed, and taking the little lamp in his hand opened his door very gently and stepped into the corridor, which was a long passage with three or four doors of rooms besides those of his own apartments. He listened at the first one, but hearing nothing passed on to the next, which was slightly ajar; hesitating for a moment he heard the loud stentorian breathing of a heavy sleeper, so shading the lamp with his hand he pushed the door gently open, when what should he see but his fat landlady, Mrs. Letsam, lying on her back in bed with her knees up and mouth open. Although so bulky Mrs. L. was what some would term a truly splendid woman, not more than forty, very pleasing face, and rich brown hair; whilst her open night dress displayed all the splendours of her mature bosom’s magnificent orbs, as white as snow and ornamented by the most seductive strawberry nipples. In reality it was only a chemise, not a proper night dress, she was sleeping in, so that, as well as the bosom, a large but finely moulded arm was exposed to his searching gaze, and gave him such curious ideas as to the development of other unseen charms, that he resolved to satisfy his curiosity by a manual exploration under the bed-clothes. Turning down his lamp he put it outside the door in the corridor, then in the darkness knelt down by the bedside, and slowly insinuating his hand till he touched her thigh, rested till it got warm, then trembling all over with emotion he continued his investigations. His touches seemed marvellously to agitate the sleeper, for after one or two slight involuntary kind of starts, she stiffened her body out quite straight as she turned on her side with something very much like a deep sigh, and Charlie withdrew his impudent fingers, just as he felt the flow of bliss consequent on his exciting touches.

“She’ll think it was a dream; most likely the old girl doesn’t often feel like that,” laughed Charlie to himself as he sneaked out of the room, little guessing that Mrs. Letsam had been thoroughly awakened, and stepped out of bed the moment he was gone, peeping out into the corridor to see who it was.

“Ha, Mr. Warner, it’s you, is it? It won’t take me long to be even with you for this lark!” she said to herself as she got into bed again. “I wish the dear boy had got into bed though; his touches gave me most exquisite pleasure.”

Meanwhile Charlie had got to a door at the furthest end of the corridor, which opened at once as he turned the handle, and sure enough it was Fanny’s room, for there lay the object of his desires in a broken restless sleep, with nearly all the bed-clothes tossed off. What a sight for an impressionable youth! There she lay almost uncovered as it were, her right hand on the spot which so many men who scandalise the fair sex say they always protect instinctively with their hand whilst asleep for fear of being ravished unawares.

However that may be, Fanny's hand was there, and Charlie conjectured that it was not so much for protection as digitation, judging from the girl's agitated restless dreams; for she was softly murmuring, "Don't! Pray, don't. You tease me so. Oh! Oh!"

He could see everything as he shaded his little lamp so as not to let the light fall on her eyes – her lovely thighs and heaving mount of love, shaded by the softest golden-coloured down, whilst one finger was fairly hidden within the fair lips of the pinkest possible slit below the dewy moisture which glistened in the light.

"By heavens! What a chance!" said Charlie to himself. "Perhaps I can give her an agreeable surprise."

Quick as thought he extinguished his lamp, which he placed on a table, then in the dark groped towards the bed where the pretty Fanny lay quite unconscious of his presence.

The sleeper having tossed off most of the bed covering it was quite easy for him to lay himself by her side; he kissed the inviting globes of her firm plump bosom, but without awakening her, she simply moaned soft endearing words; as if she felt herself caressed by someone she loved so much.

His right hand pushed hers aside and took possession of the tender cleft it had been guarding and pressing at the same time; then he gently placed one leg over hers, pressing his naked person close to her body. What thrills of delighted expectation shot through his whole frame, he quivered from head to foot. The temptation and the intensity of his feelings would stand no further delay. So, he glued his lips to hers in a long luscious kiss, whilst one arm held her firmly embraced, and the other was deliciously occupied in manual preliminaries for the attack on her virgin fortress below.

"Fanny," he whispered, as she unconsciously responded to his kissing. "It's me, darling; let me love you now?"

At first he thought she was going to scream, but he sealed her lips by the renewal of his fiery kisses, which seemed fairly to stop her breath. She did not speak but appeared awfully discomposed; deep, long drawn sighs came from her as her bosom heaved with excitement, and her hands feebly tried to push away his intrusive fingers. But desire evidently overcame modesty; her return of his willing kisses became more ardent, and her legs gradually gave way to his efforts to get between them, and instead of repulsing his advances her arms were entwined round his body.

"By Jove!" thought Charlie. "I'm not the first; she's too easy!" but to his delight he did not find the citadel of her chastity had been stormed before; the battering ram of love had to be vigorously applied before a breach was made sufficient to effect a lodgement. What sighs; what murmurs of love and endearment were mixed with her moans of pain.

"My pet, you are a woman now," he whispered, lovingly, at the conclusion of the first act, kissing her again and again.

"Oh, Charlie, what a darling; you have been so gentle with me. How I love you now; you will always love me, won't you, dearest? But you can't, you can't marry me, I know." Here she sobbed hysterically as that thought broke upon her mind.

Our hero did all he could to comfort her, but found nothing so conducive to that end as drawing up the curtain for a second scene in the drama of love.

"I don't know what upset me so in my sleep; but dear, I went off thinking of you, and suppose I must have wanted you; your kissing has made me feel so uneasy and all-overish since you came to the house. No one ever upset me like that before," she confessed to him in her simplicity, as they lay toying and kissing till daylight. She advised Charlie to take leave of his new love, and retreat to his own room for fear of discovery.

Charlie was so enamoured of Fanny that when she brought up his breakfast he urged upon her a repetition of the pleasures of the night.

"How dare you, Sir, talk to me like that by daylight?" she answered, repulsing his bold advances. "What I may do in the dark is no excuse for this. Mrs. Letsam is always watching me like a cat, to see I don't stop in the lodgers' rooms a moment too long."

It was very reluctantly he let her go. After breakfast having nothing particular to do, and feeling rather sleepy, he tried to take a nap on the sofa, when just as he was dozing off there was a light tap at the door, and in answer to his "Come in," who should it be but the landlady with his night lamp in her hand.

There was quite a grin upon her full, round, good-looking face, showing a beautiful set of pearly teeth.

"Mr. Warner," she said, seating herself quite familiarly by his side on the sofa. "I didn't think you were such a young rake as to ravish my maid servant only a couple of days after coming here. Don't say a word; I know all about it, and have seen the stains in the girl's bed, as well as found your lamp in her room; a pretty scrape you'll be in if the girl falls in the family way!"

Her eyes sparkled, and she looked so curiously towards a certain part of his person, that Charlie saw at once he would have to square the fat, fair, and forty lady to prevent unpleasantness.

"My dear Mrs. Letsam, how can you accuse me of such things? Now if it had been you — " he said, laughing.

"That's exactly it, Mr. Warner, you despised my more mature charms for a chit like Fanny. Pray what were you doing in my room last night — as if I could sleep and not be woke up by the rude hand you pushed under my bed-clothes. I ought to call a policeman and give you in charge for an indecent assault."

Her soft hand had been placed on his thigh, right over Adam's needle, which fairly throbbed under the pressure.

"And this is the thing to run away from a lady? I shall now take as great liberties with you, young Sir," she said, proceeding to take possession of his manly jewel as it now sprang forth in all its grandeur when she opened the front of his dressing gown.

"The love! Now it's mine! What a beauty!" she exclaimed, leaning over him, and imprinting hot, wanton kisses on the head of the rampant prisoner. Charlie fairly sighed and heaved with excitement under such an osculation, he had never felt such an ecstatic thrill before, it was almost a new sensation to him; a simple kiss or two by an enraptured girl, who had just experienced the delights such a darling could give, he understood as a token of extraordinary desire, but the tonguing and pressures of the sucking lips of this wanton woman opened up such a new source of delight, that he almost fainted under her caresses.

"There," she said, "you darling, that is my style of love, and beats all the vulgar, straightforward ways of enjoyment. You may have Fanny as much as you like, but let me suck a little of your honey now and then or I will get rid of her; I don't care for a man any other way; besides, I'm not so old but I ought to be careful."

Charlie kissed her pretty mouth, and told her how delighted he was to have got into such a nice house, adding, "I never felt such pleasure before, so you may be sure the least touch or kiss will put me in a state to meet and rise to your requirements in a moment," as he stood kissing her when she rose to go. "No one ever excited me as you have done. Were you ever struck by lightning? I have heard that such people have an electric touch."

"No, dear," she replied, smiling, and showing her lovely teeth, which fascinated him so. "Although I'm stout, I'm only three-and-thirty and have the misfortune to come of a particularly warm family. Good-bye, now."

CHAPTER V

The Sirens of Hyde Park

The reader can easily guess that Charlie felt considerably enervated after the departure of the lecherous Mrs. Letsam.

He spent the day reading, and also wrote a letter to his father, telling him how kind the Mortimers had been, and how he liked his rooms, which they had taken for him. Retiring early he was awakened from a sound slumber by warm moist impassioned kisses on his lips, and felt a soft lithe form nestling close to his body, as he heard the whispered words "Mr. Warner, Charlie dear; I've come to return the visit you paid me last night. It was so nice, I couldn't sleep by myself knowing you were all alone."

It was impossible not to respond to such a loving invitation.

"It's jolly of you, Fanny, coming into my bed like this, as it proves you do care for me a little bit; I feel rather tired after our fun of last night, so I mean to make you be the gentleman this time; straddle over me and help yourself to the tit-bit I know all the girls always long for; then I can lay on my back and take it easy."

"I rather like your saying I made you tired," she laughed in reply; "but you didn't know I saw her knock at your door this morning, and listened and heard all your game together. But I am not jealous, especially as I heard her say you might have me as much as you liked, if you only pleased her in a certain way. What was it, dear, I couldn't quite make out what you did with her; do tell me, there's a very nice darling?"

"It's a very curious taste, but nice to me; she doesn't care for a man to have her in the ordinary way, she prefers to suck his affair, and swallow every drop of the love juice when it comes. How would you like that, Fan? It felt awfully nice to me."

"Ugh! That must be nasty! What do you think? I once had a girl sleep with me who would kiss and lick my crack, and it made me feel so funny, but I wouldn't do it to her."

After this they got to business in earnest, Fanny, mounting as directed, soon rode Charlie's rampant steed till she had drawn the essence of life three times from his palpitating loins, their mingled juices making quite a little flood round the root of King Priapus. At length falling asleep in each other's arms, they slept till daylight, and Fanny had to go away about her domestic duties.

Having heard from his cousins what larks went on in the parks at night, Charlie made up his mind to see it for himself, and, having no particular engagement on Friday evening, took a stroll as far as the Marble Arch, and turned into the park, taking the path across towards Knightsbridge, arriving at the drive which leads to the Serpentine, he walked along the path observing the couples sitting on the seats kissing and groping each other.

Presently near the gate he met a couple of young goodlooking girls, who as coolly as possible took him by the arm on each side, "Come along with us, dear, and feel our soft little fannys," said one.

Charlie made very little objection, and was soon sitting on a rustic seat under the dark shadow of a big elm tree.

"How much are you going to give us, dear? My little sister is too bashful to speak for herself; you know its always money first in the park, we are so often bilked by mean fellows, who can't afford a proper bit of kyfer."

Charlie gave each girl a shilling, with the promise of another if they pleased him.

They were really young and pretty girls, such as the park lecher seldom is lucky enough to pick up, the dark paths and seats being mostly haunted by worn-out hags who cannot stand the illuminating ordeal of the gaslight of the streets.

It scarcely required the groping of a soft little hand inside his unbuttoned trousers to raise all his usual fiery ardour.

Each girl (they were not more than thirteen and fifteen respectively) put their arms round his neck and kissed him, the eldest whispering - "You are a darling young fellow, so different from the dirty old men we generally pick up here, I should so like you to have me properly; my little sister doesn't know what it is yet; she is only up to

the tossing off business, but I like the real thing, you know, when I can get a proper young bit like you. We can only get out Tuesdays and Fridays. Will you meet us on Tuesday, and go into the Green Park; there you will see lots of fun, and can get out at any time; in Hyde Park we get shut in, and have to climb over the gate."

He could feel her give quite a shudder of desire as she said this, whilst one of her hands began to play with his appendages, at the same time as her little sister was delightfully manipulating the shaft above. They had slits in their dresses, so that both of his hands found employment, exploring and groping on the one side the soft incipient moss of the elder one's grot, as well as the hairless slit of her little sister. The situation was altogether too piquante to last many moments. The ecstatic crisis came almost instantly, and he could also feel them both bedew his fingers with their female tribute to the touches of love, which his roving fingers made them feel so exquisitely.

Our hero was so pleased that he gave each one half-a-crown as he kissed and took leave of them, promising to keep the Tuesday's appointment at the same time.

"You are a darling," said the youngest, Betsy. "Won't we keep ourselves for him, Sarah; we don't want much money, do we?"

"No, that we will. I hate the nasty old men; we only do it because mother can't keep the home over us unless we bring in five or six shillings a week somehow," was the rejoinder.

The girls left him, as they said, to go straight home, refusing his offer to treat them to a drink outside the park.

Sunday came, and with it the tea party at the pretty Misses Robinson's in Store Street. His cousins called to take him with them, and the loving greeting of the young milliners was if anything even warmer than before. Bessie, the eldest, the dark auburn beauty, seemed fairly to quiver with emotion as she kissed him rapturously, whispering as she did so — "You are my partner this evening, Mr. Warner."

"Nothing will please me better, Bessie, dear; for luscious as I found pretty Rosa, your riper charms must be superior to those of your little sister."

"I hear what you say, Mr. Charlie; just wait till I have a chance to pay you for your broken promises of constancy to me," laughed Rosa.

It is needless to say much about the conversation, &c, during tea time, except that Charlie induced Bessie to feel his manly instrument under the table as they sat side by side over their orange pekoe.

After a little time spent in music and singing, the usual turning down of the gas took place, and our hero soon found himself and partner seated very cosily on a sofa in one of the alcoves.

"How I have longed to caress you, Mr. Warner," sighed Bessie, "for Rosa has done nothing but talk of her darling Charlie ever since the last evening you were here, how delightfully you pleased her, and what a splendid affair you were favoured with; she seems to think of nothing but you, as if you really belonged exclusively to her; but indeed, Charlie, it has made me long to feel in person those thrilling love strokes she must have enjoyed so much, what did you do to please her so?"

"I can't remember just now what we did," Charlie replied, "but no doubt as your mind is made up for a little love sport we shall play very much the same game."

His lips met hers in a long luscious kiss, so exciting that his Aaron's rod was as stiff as possible, whilst her bosom rose and fell in palpitating heaves, and her arms pressed him to her bosom.

Presently he slipped down on his knees, and his hands were exploring the mysteries of her underclothing; her thighs opened readily at the slight pressure of his hand, and he was soon in full possession of the centre of attraction, which he found all glowing and humid from the effects of suppressed desire.

"I must kiss this jewel of love," exclaimed Charlie, in a quick sort of suppressed whisper; "my tongue will soon make you feel all that Rosa so much enjoyed the other evening."

She inclined her body backwards, and gave up her person entirely to his tongueing caresses, both her hands lovingly pressing the top of his head, as he ravenously sucked the very essence of her life, which she constantly distilled in thick ambrosial drops under the voluptuous evolutions of his busy tongue.

Deep-drawn sighs, too, well told of the intensity of her feelings; she threw her legs over his shoulders, and squeezed his dear face between her quivering thighs, till at length, giving one long-drawn deep respiration of

delight, he heard her say softly – “Now, now, Charlie, love, let me have him now; you have excited me so I can’t wait another moment for the supreme joys of the strokes of rapture I know you are so well qualified to give.”

No charger ever responded to the trumpet call quicker than did our hero, his trenchant weapon was brought to the present in less time than it takes to say so, and the head, slowly entering between the well lubricated quivering lips of her pouting love grot, was soon revelling in all the sweets she so plentifully spent from her womb. What heaves and sighs of excessive rapture followed this conjunction; each seemed to dissolve in ecstasy over and over again, till exhausted nature at last compelled them to call a halt.

They sat kissing and caressing each other in mutual satisfied delight for some little time, till Frank was heard to call out – “Don’t you think it is time for a romp without clothes?”

Harry and Charlie assenting at once, each youth slipped off his garments, and assisted his partner to do the same, till presently there was an indiscriminate groping and slapping of bottoms, as an incentive to renewed exertions by the young gentlemen, who were a little limp after their first exertions of love. Rosa somehow instinctively found Charlie.

“Now, Sir,” she whispered in his ear, “you have to do penance for saying the more mature charms of my sister must be superior to mine.”

She was holding his throbbing priapus, which she had caught him by, and the touch of her hand seemed at once to renew all its usual elan, he was ready for the charge in a moment, and would have pushed her down upon a convenient sofa.

“No, no, not that way; I want to suck the last drop of its fragrant essence, whilst you treat me to the same pleasure. I don’t care to enjoy you the same way you have just had my sister.”

Side by side on the sofa, with heads reversed, they sucked each other’s parts like two bees, till the last drop of the honey of love had been extracted.

“Now you can go and try Annie, if you can find her in the dark,” said Rosa; “but I don’t think you’ve much left for her.”

“Let’s go together to find her,” whispered our hero, as he took her round the waist, and they searched about till in another recess they found all four of their companions, almost equally exhausted (not the ladies, for they were handling and laughing at the futile endeavours of their champions to respond to their amorous challenge). At length it was time to dress, but some mischievous one had so mixed all the apparel, they were compelled to invoke the aid of the gas before any of them could resume their attire.

This luscious tableaux of nude figures completed the evening’s amusements, and the young gentlemen took their leave with promises of a renewed love feast in a day or two.

CHAPTER VI

Games in the Green Park

Tuesday at the appointed time Charlie went alone to meet the two little sirens of Hyde Park, and found Betsy and Sarah true to their appointment.

After sitting down on a quiet seat for a few minutes, where they enjoyed some kissing and groping, the two girls suggested a remove across into the other park, and the trio were soon seated on a bench by the walk close to the railings which divided the park from Constitution Hill.

“Now,” said Betsy, “I want a proper one, my dear. Sarah will look out, so no one can surprise us, and if anyone sees us through the railings it doesn’t matter.”

This was a matter sooner said than achieved, for Charlie found the amorous Betsy so difficult to enter on account of the narrowness of the passage, that she had to bite her lips in suppressed agony from the pain of his attempt. But courage effects everything, she was so determined to have it that at last he found himself most deliciously fixed in the tightest sheath he had ever before entered, it was simply most voluptuous, the pressures of the girl’s sheath on his delighted instrument made him come in a moment or two, then the lubricant being applied things went easier, and a most luscious combat ensued. Betsy was perfectly beside herself with erotic passion, whilst the elder Sarah, instead of standing on guard as she ought to have done, handled his shaft and appendages in her soft hand till the excitement was more than he could bear, making him actually scream with pleasure at the moment of emitting. They repeated the game without interruption, and Sarah would have him place the head of Mr. Peaslin just between the lips of her pussey, but would not allow more at present. After spending an hour or two in this delicious al fresco amusement, they took him round the park to see the unblushing games that were going on. Soldiers rogering servant girls, old fellows fumbling little girls, and no end of the most unblushing indecency on every side; the fact being that if people, or rather couples, only get into the Green Park before the gates closed at ten p.m. they might stop there all night, or could at any time go out by the turnstile at the end of Constitution Hill into Grosvenor Place.

The one or two bobbies who patrolled the park seemed to take no notice, or were easily squared by the girls who used the place for business, in fact Charlie saw one stalwart guardian of the peace doing a glorious grind on the grass till a Lifeguardsman came up, and slapping his naked rump as hard as he could and told him he ought to set a better example, which caused great fun to several who were looking on, especially when the soldier challenged the policeman for half-a-crown to exhibit his prick against his for that amount, the girl he was poking to be the judge.

At this moment a regular old swell came upon the scene, and offered half a sov, as a prize in addition to the wager.

“I won’t show for less than a quid,” said the policeman, going on leisurely with his grinding, as he had evidently passed the crisis at the moment his arse was slapped by the soldier.

“Lend me your bull’s-eye then, and I will give the quid just for a spree; but I’m damned if I don’t have a good sight. I’d give £500 for a genuine cock-stand for once, its so long since I had one. A fine prick just drawn from a swimming cunt is the most glorious sight in the world.”

The bobby handed up his lantern to the old swell, who at once turned its glare full on the policeman’s arse, standing rather behind as he did so, and even stooping a little, to throw it well underneath, and enjoy the luscious sight, as they still went on with their fucking.

“Here, my boy, lend me your cane, and I’ll make him feel nice,” said the old swell, tipping the guardsman a bit of gold.

“Right, your honour!” replied the soldier, taking out a penknife and splitting the end of the cane up so as to divide it into a lot of thin ends.

Quite seven or eight persons were now round the fucking pair, as the gent commenced to lay on the bobby's brawny rump.

We could hear the stinging cuts and see big weals rise at each impact, which made the plucky fellow bound, and almost groan in pain, but in two or three minutes, it might have been less, he grew intensely excited, ramming into his girl (who evidently enjoyed it) with long, lunging strokes, as she clasped him convulsively, returning a heave of her buttocks for every home thrust.

The red weals looked as fiery as possible, for a network of lines all over the blushing surface, and little drops of blood were just beginning to ooze from the abraded skin, when they both seemed to again come together in a perfect frenzy of excitement.

"Now, bobby, show up, before you lose that fine stiffness, see, the guardsman has got himself ready!" exclaimed the old swell, suddenly turning the bull's-eye on the soldier, who had been masturbating himself as he enjoyed the sight, but he was nowhere in the show by the side of the tremendous truncheon which the policeman exposed as he withdrew it with a plop, all glistening with luscious moisture from the girl's yet clinging and longing crack.

The bobby had his quid, and the old fellow walked off, as we supposed, to grope the soldier, who went with him.

Betsy and Sarah drew our hero to a quiet seat, where all three spent quite another hour in fucking, groping, and kissing, till at last Charlie was milked as dry as a stick, and reluctantly bade them good night, with promises of another rendezvous in a day or two.

CHAPTER VII

A Night in St. John's Wood

It would be too tedious to relate all the luscious little incidents that occurred to Charlie with Fanny or Mrs. Letsam, or even to describe more of his frequent visits with his cousins to the three pretty milliners of Store Street.

Things went quietly for a time, as the three chums were agreed to save their coin for one grand spree, when pere Mortimer would be out of town, and never know if they stayed out all night. This was to be a grand winding-up orgie, preparatory to serious study, when their term began, as all three really wished to prepare themselves to get on in after life in some good profession.

When the day arrived Charlie was to meet his cousins or rather call for them in Bloomsbury Square, about 10 p.m.

"There's some mischief on to-night, I guess," said Fanny, who had helped him to put on his overcoat. "Mind where you go to, Charlie, dear; those cousins will take you to see girls, and God only knows what you may catch!" as she threw her arms round his neck, and almost sobbed with vexation. "Why can't you come back and have poor little pussey, you pretend to be so fond of, instead of sleeping out as you say you are going to do?"

But he released himself as kindly as possible from the loving embrace, for fear his rising prick should lead him to give way to her endearments, and spoil him for the spree on hand.

"You'll get tipsy, and perhaps be locked up," she said with a pout, as he skipped downstairs.

He found Harry and Frank quite ready to start, and all three walked off in the highest possible animal spirits. They walked along Oxford Street and down Regent Street, so as to get into Coventry Street just as the theatres and music halls had dispersed their audiences to swell the usually crowded thoroughfare. A bevy of students were creating a disturbance, and hustling everyone off the pavement, bonneting the policeman, and behaving very roughly, even to delicate girls who might get in their way.

"Oh, do protect me, and see me safe through the crowd!" said a sweet, pretty well but modestly dressed girl about seventeen; those students always frighten me so!"

"There's three of us, and we'll see you safe. Where do you want to go?"

"My brougham is waiting by Swan and Edgar's, in Regent Street; if you will see me so far, I shall be so obliged."

"And no further?" enquired Charlie.

"Well I didn't like to be so forward; besides, you would not like to leave your friends," she said, quietly.

"Take us, too," said Harry; "have you no lady friends you could ask to join the party; you must know a couple of pretty girls, for we want to make a night of it."

"Quick, then; or we may lose them. If not engaged I promised to call before twelve at Blanchard's for two young friends and drive them home; you will be delighted if we find them; and I am pleased enough with my partner," she said, pressing Charlie's arm, and looking archly in his face, with an expression which spoke a whole volume of voluptuousness.

The brougham was quickly found and ordered to pick them up at Blanchard's. As they walked the short distance to the corner of New Burlington Street, Charlie inquired of his charming companion, if she was prepared with supper at home, and finding her resources at that late hour not quite adequate to a party of six, they secured a large game pie, bottle of champagne, brandy, &c, at the restaurant, as soon as they had made sure the young ladies were there; then calling for two bottles of fizz, they wetted the acquaintance before starting off in the brougham for Circus Road, St. John's Wood.

Three more exquisitely charming girls could not have fallen to their lot than Clara Seymour, and her companions, Alice Morris and Lena Horwright, the latter an especially voluptuous creature, as will be seen in the sequel.

At length it was closing time for the restaurant, and they embarked on the voyage to the north-west, it being as much as they could all do to squeeze into a brougham only intended for four.

Jehu was in a hurry to get home, so that the clock striking one saw them at their destination, but short as the journey had been the girls managed to rack off a spend from their gentlemen, who enjoyed a delicious grope in the dark, as they jolted along.

Miss Seymour lived by herself in a neat little cottage residence, which had a coach-house and stable attached, Lord Cursitor, her chief patron, allowing her £150 a year to keep a man, horse, and carriage. A rather demure-looking middle-aged servant ushered the party into the house, and showed them into a good-sized elegantly furnished front parlour, which opened by folding doors into Clara's own bedroom, to which the ladies at once retired, leaving the three young gentlemen to themselves for a minute or two.

They were evidently high-spirited girls, to guess from the laughing and joking which seemed going on between them in the bed-room, and presently a succession of gurgling rills could be distinctly heard when they used the pot-de-chambre to relieve their slightly distended bladders.

Charlie rapped at the folding doors, saying, "I wish you ladies would lend us your spare chamber, we're simply bursting for relief."

"Are you, my dears?" said Lena, opening the door, pot in hand, "it's something thicker than water you want to get rid of I expect, and I'll wager a sovereign, not one of you can make water if I hold the chamber. Now, try! Come Clara and Alice to see fair!"

Charlie tried first, but the thoughts of Clara, and Lena's wicked looks produced such an erection, that he rushed from the pot, and placed his prick in Clara's hand, asking her to ease him at once. Nothing loth she drew him to the side of her bed, and raising her clothes exposed the lovely cleft to his amorous gaze.

"My fanny always expects a little kiss first," she whispered to him, as her face slightly flushed, which added very considerably to her beauty.

Charlie was on his knees in a moment, paying his devotions to that divinely delicate-looking, pink slit, just shaded as it was by reddish golden hair, as soft as the finest silk. His tongue divided its juicy lips, searching out her pretty clitoris, which at once stiffened under the lascivious osculation. It was more like a rabbit's prick than anything, and his fingers could just uncover its rosy head as he gently frigged it, sucking at the same time.

A perfect shudder of emotion thrilled through her body.

"Oh, oh! Fuck me, quick; your kisses have set me on fire!"

Suiting the action to the words, she threw herself backwards across the bed, and Charlie rose to the charge in a moment, throwing himself over her, gluing his lips to hers, as his distended weapon forced its way between the moist but yielding lips of her tight little quim.

A quiver of delight thrilled through her frame as he gained complete insertion, her lovely legs encased in delicate knickerbocker drawers, fringed with lace, and set off by rose-coloured silk stockings and high-heeled Parisian boots were thrown amorously over his fine manly buttocks, whilst his hands were clasped round her lovely rump as it rose in agitated heaves in response to his vigorous thrusts.

Harry took Alice, as Frank was Lena's cavalier, and the three couples came to a crisis in a chorus of amorous ejaculations, as the floodgates of love gave down copious streams of mingled spunk.

Presently, when the first bout was over, they sat down to supper, the gentlemen in their shirt sleeves, and the three young ladies, who had dispensed with their dresses, were in the most charming dishabille.

As soon as the game pie was demolished, each took a girl on his lap, alternately pledging each other, glass in hand, or groping and playing all sorts of larks with each other's pricks and cunts.

Charles was anxious to elicit from each fair one the story of her first seduction, but was met with the usual reticence in such cases, till presently Lena, standing up, said she could recite them some poetry, which exactly tallied with her first experience of the forbidden fruit.

"Bravo, Lena! Go on," they all exclaimed.

"Yes, but only on one condition, and that these three gentlemen shall have me all together, while you two girls give their bums a touch of the twigs. Do you agree?"

“Yes, yes. Bravo, Lena! Go on,”

“Well then, here goes, The Maiden’s Dream. But I must recline upon the sofa, with nothing on but my chemise.”

Then, suiting the action to the word, threw off her dressing gown, laid down in a luxurious position, with her eyes closed, feigning a tumultuously excited dream, one leg bent up, the other hanging over the sofa, her chemise turned up, exposing all the thighs and quim, one hand frigging gently, she lay squirming in ecstasy, as she recited:

One night, extended on my downy bed,
Melting in am’rous dreams, although a maid,
My active thoughts presented to my view,
A youth, unrest, whose charming face I knew.
Stript to his shirt, he sprang to me in white,
Like a kind bridegroom on the nuptial night,
And tho’ his linen dress ghost-like appear’d,
He look’d, alas! too harmless to be fear’d;
His wishful eyes express’d his eager love,
And twinkl’d like the brightest stars above.
Such modest blushes stain’d his comely face,
That sure no virgin-innocence could guess,
by his kind looks, of ev’ry grace possest,
That he could harbour evil in his breast.

“Bless me,” said I, “Philander, what d’ye mean?
“How come you hither? – Pray, who let you in?
“Undrest! – ’Tis rudeness to approach my bed:
“Consider, dearest youth, that I’m a maid.
“You’ll catch your death; for Heaven’s sake retire;
“The weather’s cold, and I have got no fire,”
With that between the sheets one leg he thrust,
Mix’d it with mine, and sighing said, “I must!”
Then clasp’d me in his arms: I strove to squeak,
But found I had no power to stir or speak;
My blood confus’dly in its channels ran,
My body was all pulse, my breath near gone;
My cheeks inflam’d, distorted were mine eyes,
My breast swell’d out with passion and surprise.
And still in vain I strove to make a noise,
Something, methought, I felt that stopp’d my voice,
And did at last such tides of joy impart,
That glided through each vein, and fill’d my heart,
Recall’d my dying senses back again,
And with a flood of pleasure drown’d my pain.
Thus, for a time, I lay dissolved in bliss,
As if translated into Paradise;
But as no drowsy virgin e’er could find
Delight so charming and a youth so kind,
And not awake, when on a sudden bless’d
With melting joys, too great to be express’d;
So I, unable to preserve so strong,

An impress of my dear Philander long,
— Awak'd, much frightened, felt about my bed,
But found, alas! my loving Ariel fled,
And all those luscious pleasures gone and past.
Which seem'd, indeed, too exquisite to last.
I mourn'd the loss, yet felt some small remains
Of the kind warmth still sporting in my veins;
Although my love was vanish'd, yet I vow,
I felt myself all o'er I know not how;
Thought I, if working fancy in the night.
Can, in a dream, give me such sweet delight,
What must two lovers in a mutual flame
Possess, when waking they repeat the same?
Philander, come, for I'm resolv'd to try
The substance, since the shadow yields such joy.
Alas! one prick's a farce, 'tis not enough for me.
Come on, my boys, I'm game to take all three!

All now stripped to the buff, except the slippers and the silk stockings, which added to the natural beauty of the ladies' legs and feet.

"Ah! I had a delicious spend!" exclaimed Lena, springing on the bed, "but not to be compared with what I expect now, for I shall ride a St. George on Charlie, take Harry in my bottom, and Frank in my mouth."

She was raging with voluptuous desire, and straddling over our hero, as he lay on his back, impaled herself on his pego, which previous efforts to please the ladies had now brought to a chronic state of enormously stiff erection, it seemed to fill her luscious quim to its utmost capacity, to judge from the stretched appearance of the vermillion lips, as they amorously clung around the staff of life, they so delighted to suck in and out.

Harry was at, or rather in his post of duty as quickly as it can be written; then Frank, kneeling over Charlie's face, presented his prick as a bonne bouche for Lena to gamahuche, her bottom and head now moved in slow and graceful undulations, as she commenced this three-fold bout of enjoyment.

Alice and Clara, each provided with light birches, of about three long sprigs, gently touched up the exposed bottoms, till they fairly reddened under the smarting cuts, and quickened the love canter into an impetuous gallop, so that, when the emitting crisis came, the three young fellows fairly howled and shouted with excess of delighted emotion, whilst Lena, going into a fit of hysteria, laughed, cried, and stiffened herself over Charlie, almost throwing Harry out of her bottom, whilst her teeth closed so convulsively on Frank's prick that his delight was considerably mixed with pain.

When they had a little recovered themselves, "After all," said Clara, "if you have ever read the 'Education of Laura,' there is a scene there that beats you, Lena, for Rose finishes off five young fellows at once, by frigging one in each hand, as well as three, like you just had our friends."

"I could very soon do that," retorted Lena, "But I don't want to be selfish. Now, which of you girls will volunteer to let me birch you, to excite their three cocks to another grand fuck."

Alice was agreeable, if someone would horse her on his back and hold her firmly by the wrists. "I'm such a coward, the first cut will make me wince, yet I know how nice and delightful the finish is," she exclaimed.

Frank engaged to be the horse, as he felt rather spiteful and wished someone to feel real pain, saying he should much prefer to hold Lena on his back, and know her bottom was being well skinned for biting his poor John Thomas.

"I am very much obliged to you for your kind wishes, but Alice's tender rump will give you just as much satisfaction, poor boy, when I once begin to apply some of Mrs. Martinet's scientific touches to it."

"This is a serious business," she continued, "so I shall just take a double-sized switch of twigs, from the cupboard. Those thin ticklers are only useful just to touch up a man in the act of fucking. Alice's whipping must be much more severe in order to stimulate the now languid tools of our friends, and rouse them again to a state of lustful fury by the sight of the red flesh, weals, and dripping drops of the ruby, as it is distilled from the abraded skin."

"Oh, pray don't be so bad as that, Lena," said Alice, apprehensively, as she slightly resisted Harry and Charlie trying to mount her on Frank's back.

"Now, Miss Pert, no nonsense, no drawing back, or I really will make it worse for your bum!" exclaimed Lena, standing up and looking fiercely at her helpless victim, now firmly held over Frank's manly back, whilst Harry and Charlie knelt down on either side to hold her legs, whilst the pretty Clara promised to play with each of the gentlemen's cocks in turn, so as gradually to work them up to a state of glorious stiffness.

"Oh, it stings so! Ah, not quite so hard, Lena, dear," sighed Alice, as the first two or three light touches made her buttocks tingle under the smart.

"Is that better, you rude girl? Didn't I catch you frigging yourself in bed this morning?" asked Lena, with a spiteful smile on her face.

"Ah, ah, oh, no! My God, how you cut me! I shall die. I never frigged myself. I should be ashamed to do such a thing," she sobbed, the tears trickling down her blushing face.

"Just listen to the hardened thing. It's as bad as saying I'm a liar!" retorted Lena, with two vicious cuts, which made poor Alice scream in agony, and drew the blood up under the skin of her rump.

"Ah, you bad girl, I'll whip the frigging fancy out of you. Wouldn't it be nice to be frigged just now your fanny is rubbing against Frank's back?"

"Oh! Oh!! Oh!!! I didn't!" screamed Alice, in dreadful pain.

The cuts fell in rapid succession on the devoted bum, which now began to exhibit beads of blood just starting from the broken skin. The victim was almost senseless, she still struggled and writhed under Lena's scathing cuts, but her head fell forward on Frank's shoulder, her face suffused with crimson flushes, and eyes closed in a kind of voluptuous languor.

Charlie had acted on the frigging suggestion, and, by his light touches on her excited clitoris, had made her almost faint under the combination of excitements, as she spent so profusely that her thick, creamy emission trickled over his busy fingers and down Frank's back.

"Lay her on the bed and fuck her," exclaimed Lena, flinging down the rod, which was considerably worn by its work. "Who'll have me on the horse-hair sofa? Will you, Harry?"

"I'm randy enough for anything, my love!" exclaimed Harry, flashing his pego. "Charles and Clara are not thinking of us; see, he is into her on the hearthrug; look, how she heaves her arse! It's just how Adam and Eve must have shagged on the grass in Eden."

"Oh, it does prick the flesh so," exclaimed Lena, as she plumped her bottom on the horse-hair, "but it's the finest thing to stimulate a woman you can think of, the little prickly ends of the stiff hair are like pins, and make your arse bound under every single stroke, it's simply delicious; no one but those who try it can appreciate the delights of a horsehair sofa fuck."

How she bounded and writhed as Harry fairly and furiously pounded his prick into her swimming cunt, which seemed to be perfectly insatiable; she was spending again and again every two or three minutes, till at last, with a perfect howl of delight, she drew down his pent-up emission, which shot up into her vitals like a stream of liquid fire.

Kissing and billing they lay entranced in each others arms for a few minutes, till someone remarked that it would be soon time for breakfast, if they didn't have a little rest.

Thus ended an ever to be remembered night of Charlie Warner's student life, and after breakfast a few hours later they left the three ladies with many expressions of gratification, and promises to renew the pleasures of the past night at an early opportunity.

CHAPTER VIII

A Lark on the Queen's Birthday

The Illumination Night Four o'clock, a.m., of a glorious sunny morning, as Charlie Warner opened his eyes to find himself lying in Fanny's arms, almost naked on his bed, the covering having evidently slipped off onto the floor during the amorous play of the preceding night; they were fast embraced, or rather locked together, his prick as stiff as possible, throbbing against the soft ivory skin of his companion's person, the curly hair of their organs of love mingling together in the close conjunction of their bodies.

Fanny's lips were slightly open, displaying a lovely set of small pearly teeth whilst her arms ever and anon clasped his form with a light nervous tremour, as if she was still dreaming of the delights of the past night.

"She fucked me as dry as a stick, last night," soliloquised Charlie, "yet I feel brimming over with spunk again, and ready to spend over her navel."

"Wake up, Fanny, my love!" he softly whispered, putting two of his fingers into her still damp slit, and rubbing gently on her excited clitoris. "Wake up, sleeping beauty, I must have one quick. See how stiff he is. Look at your darling. Don't you know that this is the Queen's birthday, 24th May, 18— and, in honour of her Majesty, I mean to fuck as many girls as I can to-day, at least between now and to-morrow morning, and I mean to begin with you."

"You randy fellow, do you think I will oblige you after such a speech as that?" laughed Fanny, as she woke with a start. "I can't help myself this minute, because I've been dreaming of you all night. You seemed always in me, spending and spending till I seemed actually dissolving in love, and then you wake me up with a reference to having other girls during the day. Still I can't refuse this delicious morsel just now, but it will be different when you come home to-night, after your day's whoring. I shall look at you with disgust then."

"Oh, put it into me quick!" she ejaculated with a sigh, opening her legs, to receive the object of her desire.

It was a short hot affair, as most first fucks in the morning are, when the blood is heated from wine, champagne, &c, imbibed over night.

He stroked her twice, to Fanny's infinite satisfaction, before he withdrew from the tight folds of her deliciously warm cunt.

Then they slept till nearly six o'clock, when Fanny had to get up for her daily work.

Our friend Charlie indulged in another two hours' snooze, till he was awakened by the sensation of feeling his prick sucked by a delightfully warm mouth, and found Mrs. Letsam, his landlady, indulging in one of her erotic suckings, which usually gave him so much pleasure, and on this occasion the thought that she was cleaning his pego of all the dried-up spendings that Fanny had left on it, so excited his fancy that he came in a perfect frenzy of emission, till the spunk fairly frothed in her mouth and oozed from its corners, as she ravenously tried to swallow every drop.

After breakfast, Charlie again racked off Fanny's juice on the sofa, and then started to call upon Clara, in her little house at St. John's Wood.

Only Lena was at home with Clara, but they were overjoyed to see him so brimfull of spirits, and his prick, as soon as he got into their company, was as rampant as ever.

The two girls were having a light breakfast, as they sat in their dressing gowns, fresh from the matutinal cold bath, their cheeks rosy with youthful health, stimulated by the cold douche, which, with the hard rubbing they had given each other, had roused all the warmth of their blood, till they were in that state of voluptuous readiness, so fit for the reception of a fine young fellow like Charlie.

Each pretty girl tipped him the velvet end of her tongue, as he kissed their cherry lips, Lena saying: "How nice of you to call so early, Mr. Warner; it is just in time to give each of us one of them, before we go out for a drive round Regent's Park. Don't you know a fuck is truly delicious to a girl in the morning, just after she has had her cold bath, when she is all aglow, and the blood tingles through her veins from head to foot?"

"A cup of coffee, and then – " said Clara, pouring out one for their visitor.

"Without milk or sugar, if you please," replied Charlie. "I shall get all that as I gamahuche you both, and suck up your spendings."

Impatient for another go in, he soon led them into the bedroom, where there was a delicious and soft cool air from the open window of a small conservatory, which communicated with Clara's chambre a coucher.

They were soon as naked as Cupids, and Charlie, making them lean back on the bed, sucked each cunt in turn, till they writhed and spent on his active tongue, as its ravishing touches then rolled round their lascivious clitorises.

"This is Clara's house, so she is entitled to have the first put-in," said Lena, "and you shall suck as much honey as you can from my little buttercup fanny, whilst you fuck her."

"We'll show you a new position, Charlie dear," added Clara, as she extended herself on the bed. "Get between my legs and as soon as you are in – yes, that's it; now throw your left leg up over my loins, and put your right under my right leg, and then lay your body away from me, fork fashion, and gamahuche Lena, as she sits up and presents her fanny to your lips; isn't it awfully nice? Your cock goes into the exact corner of my quim, and touches the very entrance to my womb! Ah, ah! Oh, oh! You do make me spend. I can't help it. Go on quicker, dear boy! Ah, Lena, it drives me mad. He seems to make me melt all over."

Charlie, on his part, was in ecstasies, and his delighted prick was so sensitive to the clinging grip of Clara's lascivious fanny, that he was compelled to cry out he could not bear it any longer, as his hot spunk spurted into her cunt.

Lena was so randy that she took possession of Charlie's prick the instant he withdrew, and, doubling her knees up towards her face, threw her legs over his shoulder, as he rammed it into her longing gap, whilst Clara lovingly kissed, sucked, and tongued his balls, bottom, and buttocks from behind, her busy fingers doing their best by handling his impetuous shaft, as it worked in and out of that foaming cunt, which was literally overflowing with their thick creamy emissions.

He kept himself back for a final spend, and so drew out the length of that glorious fuck, that Lena craved in her unsatisfied lust, and fixed her teeth in his shoulders, till her lips were crimsoned in his blood.

Clara, the while, frigged herself with one hand, and at the finish, they rolled over together in a perfect fury of amorous frenzy.

After this, Charlie dressed himself, placed two sovereigns on the dressing table, although the dear girls protested they would not take his money as he had pleased them so, then, taking leave of them as they still lay on the bed, rang the bell for the servant to show him out.

Emma, the servant, was a pretty little brunette, about eighteen, and as the saying is, "fresh cunt, fresh courage,"

Charlie put half-a-crown in her hand, as he kissed her behind the door, and whispered, "My dear, I should just like to fuck you. You shall have half-a-sov if you run down and let me in at the area door, as I pretend to go out down the front steps."

Without speaking, she returned the kiss, and shut the door sharply behind him, so running down to the area, he was presently in the arms of another sweet randy girl.

His prick stood in a moment, – as he lifted her on to the kitchen table, and put his hands up her clothes, their lips meeting in luscious kisses and tongueings.

Emma was quite as hot as her mistress, and fuck'd with all the abandon of a true little whore, till he gave her cunt a warm douche of the elixir of life.

Her eyes were shut, and her head rested on his shoulder, as she whispered, "Oh, give me another before you go; it was such a beautiful fuck. I don't often get a treat like that. Oh, do, do! There's a dear!"

Luckily for him, just then, the upstairs bell rang, and he was able to effect a hasty retreat up the area steps.

Taking a cab, he called on his cousins to arrange for the evening, after which he returned to his own rooms, and rested the remainder of the day.

About 10 p.m. found our three chums, arm in arm, elbowing their way down Regent Street, where the crowd became denser every moment, and at places was quite impassable, where the illuminations were more splendid than ordinary.

The groping for cocks and cunts seemed the proper thing to do; everyone in the crowd seemed to understand that, and the three friends had immense fun with a modest old lady and her daughter, who, although awfully indignant, were perfectly helpless, and were so teased and handled that they sighed and spent with desire, in spite of the shame that they felt.

Next a large closed furniture removal van which they were jammed against attracted their attention. It had portholes, like a ship, along the sides, and was lighted up inside.

Charlie mounted on one of the wheels, till he could peep inside, and found two old swells and several girls, nearly as naked as they could be, sporting their quims to amuse the old fellows, who had each got one of the nymphs of the pavement to frig him.

"Hullo!" shouted Charlie, forcing in the round glass, which acted on a pivot. "Don't you want some real fucking in there? We've got three good stiff pricks out here, if you'll let us in."

"Eh! Egad! It wouldn't be amiss," said one of the old gents. "Let's have them in for a lark."

It was a matter of the greatest difficulty to effect an entrance by getting round to the rear of the van, and squeezing through the partially opened door.

"You look proper sparks," said one of their entertainers, opening a bottle of fizz. "Just a wet, by way of introduction, then the girls will soon take the stand out of you. Have you had some good gropes among the crowd?"

"Just what we wanted! They're three beauties," exclaimed the girls, as they brought out the stiff pricks of Charlie, Harry, and Frank.

There were six girls in all, and the three chums had all their work to do to give a fuck to each girl in turn. This, however, they did, much to the delight of the two jolly old cockolorums, who handled their fine firm pegs with unbounded delight, postillioning their bottoms, and licking their fingers with the greatest of gusto, after they had thrust them into the reeking quims of the girls, to see how the fucking was going on.

One of their hosts, in particular was ravenous to gamahuche and lick up all the spending from the swimming cunts after each go in.

Little notice was taken of the illuminations as the lumbering van slowly forged its way through the surging crowd, which little suspected the lascivious orgie being enacted inside the sober looking van.

For three hours the game was kept up with spirit, till the three friends were so tired out, and overcome by the lots of champagne they had taken, that, when at length the van was driven into the grounds of a private house and stopped before the hall door, they were too stupid even to put on their clothes, and along with the girls were carried into the house by two or three flunkeys, who deposited the dissipated crew on some ottomans and sofas in a large and brilliantly lighted saloon.

Charlie was not quite so drunk but he had a dim recollection of curious liberties which the old gents took with his naked person, and for a day or two afterwards Frank and Harry as well as himself confessed to feeling rather stretched and sore, as if their rear virginity had been ravished when they were helpless to prevent what they afterwards felt quite disgusted at.

But it is anticipating the course of events. About five in the morning our hero quite recovered himself, and, waking from the short deep drunken sleep, found the sun streaming in through a window, so drawing aside the light lace curtains he found it looked onto a beautiful croquet ground surrounded by parterres of splendid flowers, and screened on every side by dense foliage of shrubs and trees.

Turning to the apartment, the two old gentlemen were fast asleep in armchairs, each with his trousers down, and a naked girl resting her head on his thigh, side by side with the languid prick, which she had been in the act of gamahuching when they were all overcome by sleep.

Frank and Harry were lying mixed up with the other four girls on a very large and splendid catskin rug, all naked, forming a charming tableau, as the golden rays of the sun glanced on the warm flesh tints.

Just then a lovely young lady, wrapped in a dressing gown peeped into the room and Charlie, all naked as he was, bounded across from the window to meet her, but she putting her finger to her lips, signalled him to follow her as she withdrew from the room. He crossed the vestibule close behind her into a magnificent boudoir, the door was locked, and she threw herself into his arms, exclaiming "at least, I am sure you are not one of the filthy unnatural fellows my uncles usually bring here, I have not the least doubt you three have been tricked, made tipsy and outraged by them! Oh pity me, for I am a prisoner in this house – they have cheated me out of my father's immense fortune and made me their lady housekeeper, where, just because I can't help myself, and the hope of some day succeeding to what they have cheated me out of, I have to shut my eyes and pretend not to see their horrible goings on, and even sometimes myself submit to their unnatural whims in my own person, without ever getting from them the satisfaction which a warm female nature requires. My case is like that of the lady you read of in the Arabian Nights, who although the jealous Genie kept her locked in a glass box, yet managed now and then to get a fresh lover, but very few suitable youths come to this house, they are mostly those debased men-women who prostitute themselves for money. Only four times in three years, have I had the delight to welcome to my boudoir such a one as I could surrender myself to. Do you know why you awoke first? It is because, when I looked over the lustful group asleep after their beastly orgie, you charmed my eye, so scattering some drops of a very somniferous essence over all the others, I applied reviving salts, &c, to your nostrils, and here you are my prize. We're safe for several hours!" she concluded, opening her dressing gown and throwing her lovely naked form upon his equally nude figure.

Receiving her in his arms, his prick as rampant as ever (how could it be otherwise when thus challenged by such a lovely creature), taking her in his embrace, he carried her a few steps till she fell back upon a soft, wide couch.

Her delicate hand had already taken possession of his throbbing staff, and now at once applied its head to her burning notch, which was literally brimming over from a luscious anticipatory emission.

Drawing him upon her, her legs enlaced over his buttocks, she heaved up her bottom in enraptured delight, as the shaft slowly entered the well lubricated, yet tight sheath.

Then they paused for a moment or two, billing and kissing, tongue to tongue, as both evidently thoroughly enjoyed the sense of possession that they imparted to each other by mutual throbs and contractions, till, giving a long-drawn deep sigh of desire, she challenged him by her motions to ride on and complete her happiness.

Charlie literally trembled from excess of emotion, and the rapidity with which this bewildering and luscious adventure had fallen upon him. Her first few moves made him spend before he wished to, and in spite of his unsatisfied desires, his pego at once lost its stiffness, to the great chagrin of the lovers.

"Ah, I understand," she exclaimed; "it is over-excitement, after the enervating debauch of last night. Wait a moment, my dear, and we will soon be happy enough!"

Saying which, she ran to a cabinet for some Eau de Cologne, sprinkling a few drops over his excited face, then, pouring the rest of the bottle into a small china bowl with water, she sponged his limp prick with it, then dried it on a soft handkerchief, and then kissed, sucked, and caressed the manly jewel with such marvellous endearment that she soon had him standing again in all his glory of ruby head and ivory shaft, the sight of which seemed quite to ravish her senses, for she threw herself on the sofa, and begged he would at once let her have the only thing that could possibly assuage her raging lasciviousness.

"Ah, I'm afraid you'll think me awfully lewd!" she sighed, blushing more crimson than ever.

This charming appeal was irresistible; he now charged her foaming fanny with such effect that she raved in ecstasies of delight, biting and kissing him by turns in her voluptuous frenzy, twisting, squirming her body, and throwing first over his loins, and then stiffening out straight in the dying ecstasies of spending, his prick all the while revelling in the warmth and extraordinary lubricity of the tight grasping sheath, which held it so passionately that it stiffened more and more from excessive lust, that when he came it was quite a painful acme of delight. The tip of his pego was so tender that he positively could not bear the loving, sucking contractions of her womb, as it drank up every drop, which spurted up to her very heart.

After a while they renewed these delights, and kept it up, till prudence dictated his return to the saloon, where the sleepers were still unawakened; so Charlie, dressing himself, aroused Frank and Harry and assisted them to

dress, then slipping away for a moment to his unknown inamorata took a loving leave, and by her advice they left the house leaving the two old gentlemen and the girls to wonder what had become of them whenever they might rouse themselves up.

It was almost 5 o'clock in the afternoon when our hero took leave of his cousins in Gower Street, sending them home to sleep off the effects of the long debauch; whilst he also made the mental resolve, to let this be the very last orgie for a long while to come, and content himself with the love of his little slavey, and the occasional erotic osculations of Mrs. Letsam, soliloquising to himself, as after a cup of tea, he lay on his own sofa, "I mean to study and rise in my profession, so this the end of my sprees shall be..."